

NEW BOOKS.

A Captive Among the Filipinos. by Albert Sonnichsen (Charles Scribner's Sons). We have a narrative of much interest. The author, who went to Manila as quartermaster of one of the four transports making up the second expedition despatched from San Francisco in 1898, was for ten months a prisoner in the hands of the insurgents. They carried him all the way to Vigan, at that time the Americans were pressing so closely upon their retreating hosts. Of course, he saw much. Greatly against his inclination he had an extended opportunity to study the Filipinos at close range. He suffered much discomfort, and was often in peril. Once, from his prison window, he saw Aguinaldo drink a bottle of beer. His own Aquinaldo very great at the time, he describes this sight as maddening. He tells an excellent story, and the fairness of his narrative and the reasonableness of his impressions are hardly to be doubted.

Early in the morning of Jan. 27, 1899, the author and his friend, Mr. Harry Huber, of the Hospital Corps, drove from Manila in a calesa (a vehicle that answers for a cab in that municipality) to the station of the Dagupan Railroad. They carried a camera, and it was their intention to visit Malolos, at that time the insurgent capital, under the pretense of being English newspaper correspondents. Opposite them, in their compartment, sat a wrinkled little old gentleman with a glittering eye. This eye he never removed from the two young Americans until the train came to a stop at Meycauayan, the third station from Manila, when he arose and hurriedly left the train. Our Americans were simple enough to be gratified by the fact of his departure. The feeling of gratification was still working in them when the little old gentleman reappeared with an insurgent officer and a file of soldiers, who straightway took the author and Mr. Huber into custody. The little old gentleman reentered the train and grinned maliciously as it moved away. His victims learned afterward that he was an officer of Aguinaldo's staff. He had denounced them as American spies.

The prisoners were taken to a commandante's office. Saving only the little old gentleman, and one other who had suddenly become a homicidal maniac when the author had tried to photograph him, Mr. Sonnichsen had found the Filipino officers exceedingly polite and courteous. Consequently he was greatly shocked, on entering the presence of the commandante, to be greeted by a torrent of profanity from the mouth of that official, who was fat and excited, and who frantically waved a Malay kris and a Colt's revolver over his head as he swore. To add to the effect he kept snapping off the revolver and two files of soldiers, one on each side of the prisoners, assumed the attitude of charge bayonets.

It is hardly to be supposed that the author would fall in love with a commandante of this sort, and possibly there is some little indignant prejudice in the further description of him that we find here. His appearance, however, his complexion was but a shade lighter than ebony, his teeth protruded between thick and prominent lips, and so conspicuous was the upward slant of his eyes that in his anger he bore a strong resemblance to a Chinese Joss. His clothing was far from what the author thought it would be proper for any officer in an army to appear in, and it seems to be a remarkable opinion, for it appears that the commandante wore only a pair of soiled white trousers, a dirty shirt, the free extremities of which fluttered in the breeze that came in at the open windows, and a pair of heelless slippers of an almost insupportable age.

Of course, what with waving his kris, snapping his pistol, and sustaining his profane discourse, the commandante had a right to consider himself fairly busy, and it is hardly a matter for wonder that he found no time to listen to explanations. He acquainted the prisoners with his opinion that they were traitors to Americans, which in all conscience was had enough, but also spies, dogs, and the worst sort of pussy cats. There was nothing more for the commandante to do; his judicial duties had been virtually discharged, and they were carried off to prison at Malolos. They were marched by night, under a full tropical moon, through jungles, marshes, and rice fields. At Malolos, still in the splendid moonlight, the crowd hooted at them, and cursed them, whereafter they were incarcerated in the military jail.

This was not at all what would be called a nice jail. Our Americans were taken down cellar, and showed in a room where the door creaked dismally as it was closed and barred upon them. A little of the fine moonlight came in through a small window. It revealed the massive iron bars that were imbedded in the solid masonry—a questionable service on the part of the moonlight.

The room was half the size of an American railroad car. The floor was so closely covered with sleeping prisoners that it was only with difficulty that the newcomers could find space to lie down in. The light of morning showed sixteen occupants of the cell. Of these, two were Spaniards, two were our Americans, and the rest were natives. A form stirred in a dark corner and presently arose. "Lord help her," says the author, "it was a woman!" She was the wife of one of the prisoners. She collected a penny apiece around, and went out to buy rice for breakfast. This was cooked in the yard outside—an unpleasant place, deep-scented with stinky mud, like our pig sties at home. To the Americans she brought bananas, for they were not yet prepared to stomach the rice, which was cooked into a stodge of repulsive taste and color.

Here the author and his friend remained for a considerable time. We believe it was the most unpleasant prison of their experience. Especially they did not like it at night. "Our quarters were cramped," the author says. "We received an old sleeping mat large enough for the two of us and a small space on the floor whereon to spread it. At one side I found a filthy tin basin so close to me that his breath, suggestive of decayed fish, fanned my cheek. I tried to escape this horror by crowding Huber, but he was likewise flanked on the other side. As a result of our situation would have had his ideas considerably modified. That night I became a Darwinist. Later on rats, lizards and a species of large beetle appeared and prowled about the floor and walls. I had only comforted myself to that I should not have complained, but they became entangled in my hair, crawled down my back inside my clothes and tickled the soles of my feet. And of course there were mosquitoes, which are not so large as rats and not so terrifying to some, but which have made very tremendous contributions to my discomfort, notwithstanding the swam of human war."

It will be remembered that when the Americans began to move northward from Manila the insurgents were obliged to change their capital frequently. Indeed, they can hardly be said to have had time to warm a capital before they were forced to move on. Thus and again our prisoners heard with hardly a pause and expectant hearts the advancing boom and rattle of the American guns, but always when the rout began the surging Tagalogs remembered their captives, and they never failed to take them along.

But it was while he was still in Malolos that Mr. Sonnichsen saw Aguinaldo ordering over somebody who was sitting in the prison window called out "Captain Emilio" captain Emilio, and the three other prisoners then there crowded to see. There sat the insurgent chieftain at one of the tables in a banquet hall in front of the prison. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor, and he was dressed entirely in black, save only that he wore a colored jersey cap. In one hand he held a glass, in the

Continued on Fifth Page.

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